

# **Bonk & Hedz**

## **a caveman... and woman... tale**

By Norm Cowie

If it appears as if I'm picking on politicians in this story,  
it's mostly likely because I am.

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***"... humorous fantasy at its best..."*** ~~ Armchair Interviews (Amazon Top reviewer), on The Adventures of Guy

***"No topic is safe from Cowie's incredible wit and entertaining turn-of-phrase."*** Pop Syndicate (The Adventures of Guy named one of Pop Syndicate's Top Ten Books of 2007)

The Next Adventures of Guy voted  
Winner of Preditors and Editors Readers Choice Award for best Sci-Fi Fantasy

***"...hilarious mishaps...."*** Joliet Herald News

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my family...

... and coffee.

... and platypuses everywhere.

This is a most likely a work of fiction.

But who knows?

Record keeping back then was kind of spotty.

## **Bonk and Hedz**

### **a caveman ... and woman ... story**



Way after Adam and Eve, but still a long time ago.

“Are you ready?” Hedz asked, peering at her mate.

Her dark brown eyes were deep-set under a thick ridge of bone from which sprouted a thick unibrow that looked like a sleeping ferret. She was naked, stringy and dark-skinned, with a forehead sloping steeply backward to disappear in a tangled mass of thick unwashed hair. Her single most outstanding feature was a fantastic, flowing mustache Hulk Hogan would have coveted.

In short, Hedz was a magnificent looking cavewoman.

Bonk looked a lot like his mate, with the exception that his body parts were male, and his moustache wasn't quite as remarkable. There was another difference. He had a jagged scar on his forehead, a direct result of being a tall caveman in a short cave. The scar was shaped like a lightning bolt, but as far as he knew it gave him no special powers.

They were crouching on a small hill overlooking the river. A log had fallen into the river and several turtles had climbed on top to sun themselves. Bonk and Hedz were hoping to sneak down on the vigilant reptiles and snatch one or two before they could slide into the safety of the water.

Bonk shifted uncomfortably. "I dunno. I don't know how I feel about you helping. After all, I'm the hunter and you're just a gatherer."

Hedz simply gave him a look, which he neatly avoided by turning his gaze back down to their quarry down by the riverbank.

"Okay, let's go." Hedz slipped down the hill into the messy brush that grew lush from roots dipping into the river. She crept through the undergrowth, her clever feet making no noise as she deftly avoided fallen branches and dead crunchy leaves. Bonk followed, crackling and crunching as he was unable to duplicate his mate's stealth.

The turtles started shifting and a few lazily opened their eyes, slightly more alert. With the crocs in the river and all manner of predator on land, it wouldn't take much for them to dive into the safety of the shallows.

Hedz froze, her eyes intent on the turtles.

After a tense moment, the sun warmed them back into somnolence.

Hedz waited for a moment to see if the turtles were faking, and then she resumed her ninja approach. When they were six feet away from the water's edge, they stopped again.

"Okay, here's where we really have to be quiet," Hedz said, her lips moving without sound.

"What?" Bonk asked.

Hedz quickly clamped a hand over his mouth. "Quiet," she mouthed.

He nodded.

Her gaze went back to the turtles which were still on the log. Their eyes were open, but fortunately their attention was on the water rather than the shore.

After a moment, the turtles' eyelids drooped.

"Let's go," Hedz whispered.

They crept through the last bit of brush. As Bonk followed his mate, something grabbed his long hair, yanking him backward.

"Oorgh," he gasped.

He tried to turn to see what had him, but a low hanging branch reached down to snag his wild mane.

"Augh."

He spun around, long tendrils of hair wrapping around his torso and catching on prickly thickets.

"Uuuf."

More hair was snatched by grabby branches and a tentacle of hair tightened around his knees. He tottered wildly.

"Aaagh."

The turtles' beady eyes snapped open.

"Shhh!" Hedz hissed.

"Umph," Bonk replied.

He tried to move, but the hair wrapped around his legs tightened and he crashed to the ground.

Hedz watched in dismay as the turtles slipped into the water like Olympic lugers. As the water swallowed them, she whirled around. "What the heck is the matter..."

Words escaped her at the site of her mate completely entangled in branches, vines and his own hair.

"Mpfh," he said helplessly, hair wrapped around his mouth like a furry python.

"That's it," Hedz snapped. "I'm tired of that stuff."

She roughly tore him from the spider web of hair and branches and dragged him through the brush to a clearing dwarfed by a large pine tree.

"Hold the tree," she commanded.

Tentatively, he wrapped his arms around it.

"Harder."

He tightened his grip, his face smushed up against rough bark.

"Okay, here goes." Hedz took a handful of Bonk's long thatchy hair. She paused, "Are you ready?"

He whimpered. "What are you going to do?"

"Just hold on tight."

He nodded and closed his eyes.

Hedz braced herself and gave a tremendous yank.

"Aaagh!" Bonk yelped as his head was wrenched backward by the powerful cavewoman. She immediately let go, and his head bounced back, scraping painfully on the trunk.

Bonk opened pain-filled eyes. "Did it work?"

Hedz shook her head.

Still dazed, Bonk watched some birds in the sky, idly wondering if they were just circling his head.

Wordlessly, Hedz looked around until she spied a pelican skull on the ground. She picked it up and fed a length of his hair into the beak. Then she chopped as if she were using pruning shears. After a moment, she critically examined the result.

"Darn," she said dolefully.

Bonk grimaced. “What?”

Hedz blew out an exasperated puff of air, “Well, we can’t cut it and we can’t pull it out. I guess we’ll just have to wait until someone invents scissors.”

## Chapter 1

The next morning, Bonk strolled down a path lined with trees on one side and the slow moving croc-filled river on the other. He was carrying a long straight pole made of a branch stripped of leaves. Its end was sharp, jagged and splintered ... and pretty much the most advanced weaponry in the world.

Bonk's attention was on a heron standing in the shallow water. Strolling around admiring wildlife wasn't a good habit to get into, because there were plenty of nasties around ready to gobble a distracted caveman for a snack. But Bonk liked to study wildlife hunting techniques in the hopes he might pick up some pointers, the sad fact being he needed every pointer he could get.

As he watched, the leggy bird neatly speared a fish and gobbled it down. Silently, a set of eyes floated along the river towards the heron. The crafty bird noticed and gracefully launched into the sky. The croc-eyes simply veered downstream to go look for less vigilant prey.

Reminded of the presence of everyday danger, Bonk looked around. Nothing was paying any particular attention to him except for a mosquito which was sucking in some of Bonk's inner juices. He smacked the bug and headed home.

Bonk's cave was located halfway up a steep embankment at the end of a small mountain range. The side of the hill was dotted with caves filled with cavemen, cavewomen, cave-offspring and a host of bugs that depended on them for meals. Further down the range, a small volcano belched out the occasional bit of smoke.

Bonk scrambled up the loose shale to the cave's mouth and entered the dark, damp opening. "Close the door," Hedz called as he passed the threshold.

Bonk stopped short, "Door?"

A look went across his mate's face. "Oh, right. We don't have doors yet."

"Yeah, right," Bonk said, as usual having no idea what she was talking about.

As his eyes adjusted to the gloom, he could pick out details. Hedz was nursing Baby Eff in the sleeping pit. Their sons Frigg and Bush were sprawled in another pit that had been dug out and filled with comfortable pebbles. Lump, an ancient woman, was watching with half-lidded interest. They knew little about the old lady who had come with the cave when they moved in. She didn't eat much, said even less and was soon a part of the family. There was no sign of Eff's older sister Gop. He vaguely remembered her talking about a something she called a sleepover.

The boys' eyes were glued on a large rock.

"What are you guys watching?"

(The use of the word 'guy' is a particularly loose translation since the word 'guy' wouldn't be invented until some guy named Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the English Parliament.)

Bush's eyes never left the rock. "We're watching the fights."

Bonk's eyes lit up. "Oh, yeah, who's fighting?"

"Centipede," Frigg grunted, his gaze glued to the rock.

Now Bonk could see the multi-legged creature crawling over the top part of the rock. It was huge and black, with twitchy antennae, clicking mandibles and a big fat stinger glistening with poison.

“Who’s he fighting?”

“Scorpion,” Bush replied, popping something into his mouth without looking. Bonk saw a turtle shell filled with munchies in his lap. The munchies were moving. Most likely they were grubs Bush had dug out from under a log.

Just then a large scorpion scuttled from the other side of the rock. The centipede and scorpion spied each other the same time and paused to allow their tiny minds to assess the threat - which didn’t take much time, because with such little brains there wasn’t much to think with. Coming to the same conclusion at the same time, they rushed each other, claws and fangs flashing.

“Woo-hoo!” Frigg exclaimed.

“Get-em!” Bush roared.

“Boo-ya!” Bonk yelled.

They hooted and hollered as the scorpion and centipede writhed, small drips of poison spit flying through the air.

Hedz’s voice cut through the room. “Actually, Frigg and Bush are in trouble. They aren’t supposed to be watching any rock right now.”

Uh, oh, when she used that tone.

Bonk tore his eyes from the fight. “Why not?” Then he noticed what his mate was wearing and his eyebrows shot up into what little he had of a forehead.

“What are you wearing?”

She grinned, showing sharp canines, “Oh, do you like it?”

“You’re, you’re, you’re wearing ...” he stammered.

She supplied the word to him. “Beaver.”

“But, but we’re naked. We don’t wear anything! What you’re wearing ... it’s ... it’s .. indecent.”

Hedz preened. “No, it’s provocative. You just don’t know the difference.”

Lump spoke from the depths of the cave, laughter in her tone, “You’re trouble, girl.”

Hedz grinned, “I know, right?”

Actually, much to Bonk’s surprise, the beaver pelts were turning him on. That and her sexy moustache, which was the envy of all of his friends from the Portsbar. If it wasn’t for baby Eff in her arms ...

At that moment, the boys roared, slapping their hands on the cave floor in excitement. “Look! He got him!”

As Bonk’s head whipped around, his mate’s ‘ahem’ stopped him in mid-whip, causing a mild case of whiplash that any injury attorney would drool over.

“Wha...”

Her eyes were those of a cave lion. “I said they aren’t supposed to be watching rock right now.”

Her voice was much like that of aforesaid cave lion.

“Why not?” Bonk asked.

She gestured to the wall behind her. “Look, they drew graffiti all over the wall again.”

She was right. The wall was filled with crudely drawn antelopes running from a pack of lions toward a river where enormous crocodiles waited for them with big grins.

“Hey, that’s not bad,” he said admiringly. “They got the dimensions pretty close this time.” He pointed. “And see how the mane on the lion is nicely detailed?”

Hedz wasn’t into art appreciation.

In a dangerous voice, she growled, “Frigg and Bush. Drew. On. My. Wall.”

“Actually, this is my man cave,” he said, speaking before his mind could filter out dangerous words. This seemed to happen a lot, so perhaps he had a defective mind-filter.

Silence.

Hedz just looked at him.

The boys seemed to have gone into suspended animation and even the centipede stopped crunching on its meal.

The silence was profound enough he could hear the frantic pounding of his heart which was responding to the crisis by pumping additional blood necessary for feeding muscles in flight.

Finally Hedz spoke.

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that.”

Her words released the Dementer spell that had frozen the cave.

Bonk’s lungs started up again. “Um, yeah, thanks.”

“Anyway, they drew on my wall.” An emphasis on the ‘my’ that this time his brain wisely ignored.

“Oh, yeah, right. They shouldn’t do that,” he stammered. Then he frowned. “Um, why exactly shouldn’t they do that?”

“It doesn’t come off.”

“Who cares? We live in a cave.”

A voice came from behind Bonk. “Yeah, Mom. Who cares?”

Hedz stunned Frigg into silence with the ‘Mother-Look’ she’d invented the previous week, the same Mother-Look that would benefit future mothers for time immortal. Then she continued, “If we leave it there, some day scientists might think we lived like this.”

Bonk blinked. “We do live like this.”

“Maybe, but I don’t want them to know.”

More female logic. Too bad there weren’t books on the subject, or any other subject for that matter. Not that he’d have read them, unless they had pictures. But it would have been comforting to know someone was looking into the issue of how women thought.

“What’s a scientist?” Frigg and Bush chimed.

“None of your business,” Hedz snapped. She turned back to her mate. “Now where’s breakfast?”

“Breakfast?”

“Yes, breakfast, you know, three square meals a day.”

Bonk blinked. Why would someone eat a square breakfast?

“Oh, breakfast,” he said, stalling, suddenly remembering why he had been out. He’d gone to get food, then swung over to the bathroom where he caught up on the daily news scratched onto the walls on a daily basis by his friend Deth. After that he had gone to his work area to tinker with a project he’d been working on. The thought of food had simply slipped his mind.

She crossed her arms. “Yes, breakfast.”

Time to be inventive.

“There’s, uh, no such thing. We just eat when we’re hungry. Regular eating intervals like breakfast, lunch and dinner haven’t been invented yet.”

He grinned hopefully.

Hedz started tapping her foot. “Okay, funny boy. I’m hungry, the kids are hungry, and ...” She gestured at Baby Eff, attached to her like a barnacle. “... I’m too busy to forage right now. Your entire family is hungry and you’re the big, bad hunter. So get something to eat now, or, or...”

She looked around the cave, Eff hanging onto her like a baby Orangutan. Bonk’s favorite club was leaning on the wall.

Hedz snatched it.

Bonk didn’t know if she was going to break it, or club him with it. Neither seemed like a good thing, so he broke for the mouth of the cave. “I’ll get you something! I promise. I’ll be right back!”

And he ran out.

## Chapter 2

After he was gone, Hedz sighed and turned to the boys, “Frigg?”

Frigg's eyes were back on the rock.

“Bush?”

Bush ignored her, too.

“FRIGG AND BUSH.”

This got their attention. “Yeah, Mom,” they chimed.

“Would you please go get some gator eggs? I saw a nest out near the big tree in the marsh.”

“I thought Dad was going hunting,” Frigg moaned.

“Do you want to rely on that?” Hedz asked.

They thought about it. They all knew Bonk was an inept hunter. Tall for a caveman, a fast runner but not all that good about putting food on the rock.

“Um. I am kind of hungry,” Frigg said.

“Maybe we could just eat the scorpion,” Bush suggested, giving the scorpion a hopeful look. The centipede was guarding the corpse with a threatening air.

Then Frigg remembered his brother had a turtle shell full of grubs. “I vote we wait.”

Hedz sighed. “No, Bonk’s just going to use this as an excuse to go to the Portsbar and hang with his buddies scratching themselves and drinking fermented grapes.”

Frigg wiggled his eyebrows, “Or maybe he’ll go to Uters where they got hot babes.”

A dark look crossed Hedz’s face, “What do you know about that place?”

Frigg colored, “Oh, uh ... it’s right next to the baseball field.”

“There’s no such thing as baseball,” Hedz growled.

“Exactly! Which is probably why I couldn’t find the field,” Frigg exclaimed. “But while I was looking, I saw guys going in there.”

Hedz paused, thinking through that logic. Finally, she just shook her head. “He’d better not go there. Now you two go out and get some eggs. And see if you can round up some lizards and some beetles or something.”

They hesitated, perhaps considering some kid-rebellion, but the fierce look on her face squelched those thoughts.

“Let’s go,” Frigg said to his brother.

Bush paused, a bit in pain, mostly because he was sitting on his private parts, which, since he was nude, weren’t particularly private. He shifted, sighed, and took a last longing look at the dead scorpion’s death throes. Then he let Frigg pull him to his feet.

Then they tumbled out the door.

A moment later, Bush popped his head back in. “Hey, can we borrow Eff?”

“Why?” Hedz asked.

“We need bait.”

Hedz crossed her arms, nearly clobbering Eff. “Not with my baby.”

Bush rolled his eyes, “She’ll be okay. We’re her brothers.” He just stopped short of adding ‘duh’ which probably would have ruined his whole day.

She hesitated, thinking about it.

Bush stopped rolling his eyes, and switched them to pleading mode.

“Oh, okay.” Eff was done feeding anyway, so Hedz gently pulled her from her breast, and handed the baby over to her brother.

“Thanks.”

She shook a finger in his face, “Be careful!”

“Yeah, Mom.” Another silent ‘duh.’

He grabbed the baby. Then Eff and Bush took off for the river.

## Chapter 3

Bonk ambled down the path along the river, keeping a wary eye out for dinosaurs. They had been extinct for millions of years, but you never knew, dinosaurs were notoriously tricky creatures.

There was a rumbling sound behind him, and he looked back, expecting storm clouds. Instead, it was the volcano farting out some gas and stuff. He shrugged. It did that on and off all the time.

He was feeling the sting of his mate's words, Still though, he didn't resent them. She had asked him to bring back food and he'd gotten distracted.

Hedz was a good mate who took care of her little family. He remembered the cold winter right after Eff was born where everything was so locked in ice he couldn't find food. They were starving. After eating all of the lice off each other, he and the boys had fed on Hedz's breast milk. It had weakened her, and Eff complained mightily over short rations, but it had given him the strength to go out into the cold one more time. Fortunately, he had stumbled on the frozen corpse of a deer that had tripped over another deer which had starved and frozen to death. The two deer carcasses had gotten them through the worst of the winter.

So she was a good mate, and, of course, her most excellent mustache was the envy of all his buddies.

He was a bit concerned about the prospects of catching anything because in his haste to escape the cave he'd forgotten his spear and club. He'd have to hope he'd find another dead clumsy deer.

Then he saw a strange stick lying on the ground. It was flat and curved with rounded ends. Curious, he picked it up for closer inspection. He jabbed it experimentally in the air. Nope, it wouldn't work to stab prey and it was too light for a club.

Worthless.

He didn't have any weapons and there weren't any dead critters lying around having voluntarily sacrificed their lives for him, so it obviously wasn't meant to be.

Another failed hunt.

Oh, well, he'd given it the old caveman try.

He decided he might as well go to the Portsbar and commiserate with the guys. They had mates and kids, so they would understand his point of view. Plus, he could drink some of the juice that made him feel funny, fuzzy and forgetful. Then they could talk about how cool it would be when they invented sports. And who knew, maybe some tasty fish had committed suicide by beaching itself.

Happy with his new plan, he flung the curved stick at the river, giving it no further thought. After about five steps something slammed into the back of his head.

"Aack!"

He whirled around, ready to fight.

Nobody was there.

Then he noticed the strange stick on the ground.

Huh, weird. Hadn't he just thrown it?

He whirled the stick again, and turned to walk.

Five steps later.

"Aack!"

He looked around, ready for a fight.

He was alone.

And the stick was back.

"Huh?"

He threw it again.

This time, he watched the stick's flight as he walked along the path, which meant he didn't see the rock jutting up from the ground.

"Aack!"

He tumbled to the ground, which caused him to totally miss the strange stick's elliptical path through where his head would have been had he not been lying on the ground. He also missed seeing the stick gently thud to the ground under some tall grass.

Bonk got up, rubbed his sore head, and looked around for the stick. It was gone.

## Chapter 4

The Portsbar was perched on a cluster of rocks on a sandbar. The sandbar had been formed by a rocky confluence at the mouth of the river feeding into the sea. The saltwater crocs, comfortable in both the river and sea, had an aversion to crawling over the sharp lava rocks, so it was relatively safe. Later in the distant future, the bar would serve as a major port for pirates, and later as the location for a movie about pirates. But now it worked quite well as a drunken hangout for cavemen.

Bonk sloshed through the water. He could see furry outlines on the sandbar. Either his friends or a passing pod of walrus. Walruses didn't mind climbing the rocks and they were ferocious. Since he wasn't armed, he approached with caution.

As he got closer, he could hear voices, which likely ruled out walruses.

(Contrary to later historians, who don't know jack about anything, cavemen had a sophisticated verbal language system. That is, except for a nearby tribe of ferocious little beach dwellers called the Pzones. The Pzones communicated using a complicated system where they held small tablet-sized rocks upon which they tapped arcane messages to each other using just their thumbs. The range sucked, but it would improve in later centuries once G networks and cell towers were invented. Until then they loved it since it allowed them to flaunt their opposable thumbs.)

As Bonk pulled himself onto the rocky ledge, his friend Droog saluted him with a coconut shell full of fermented grape juice. Droog flashed a purple-toothed smile. "Hey, Bonk."

"Dudes," Bonk announced.

(yes, this is the first documented use of the word, 'dude').

A dozen of his friends were in various stages of recline on the rocks. Most waved or grinned except Wug, who frowned and said, "You're late."

Bonk started. "Late? Late for what?"

"For the meeting," Wug said sternly.

"What meeting?" Bonk asked.

"The meeting we are obviously having," Wug growled.

Wug was a tribal elder. Rumor had it he was nearly 'something old.' Nobody knew what that 'something' was because they had no unit of measurement for age. They just knew he'd been there as long as just about anyone, so that qualified him as an elder. As an elder, Wug felt it necessary to convene regular meetings to talk about problems, such as the cave skunk terrorizing the community on a regular basis and the sinking economy, which usually just confused everyone since there was no economy yet or politicians to invent a National Debt.

The cave skunk had been one of the worst troubles. It had proven to be a bit of a prankster, popping into caves and spraying cavemen seemingly just for its own skunkly amusement. They'd finally gotten rid of it by bringing in a cave weasel. Now they were having trouble with the cave weasel.

Wug was hairy and immense, but not immense as in tall. He was wide, really wide, sorta like Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger strapped together side by side. He took up so much horizontal space he had to slide sideways to get into his cave. The other cavemen used him as a windbreak on hunting expeditions and he once confused a cave bear into thinking he was a rival bear. Hence, his nickname Area Wug.

“Attention everyone. I’m calling this Meeting of Guys to order,” Area Wug commanded.

They all looked at him, not so much in respect, but more because there wasn’t much going on other than a couple of seagulls fighting over a dead clam on the beach. It was a tossup as to which was more interesting.

“Okay, if you remember, we have a couple items on our agenda. First, we’ve agreed we’re going to start a music group,” Wug announced.

Music had been invented inadvertently the week before when a woolly rhino had mistakenly stomped on Wug’s foot during a hunt. As a direct result of this incident, Wug had hit the first perfectly pitched E note, and they had found it to be somewhat pleasing to the ear.

“I don’t remember anything about a music group,” Droog said.

“No, he’s right. We did talk about it,” Bonk said.

Wug nodded, “Exactly. So let’s see if everyone’s here.” His attention shifted to a small ferrety-looking caveman. “Okay, Berp. Take attendance.”

Berp slugged the rest of his drink and belched. Then he looked down at flat smooth rock in his palm. “Okay, role-call, everyone. Here goes, Bonk?”

“Here,” Bonk replied.

“Droog?”

“You know I’m here,” Droog said sourly. Droog was a notorious grouch, so Berp knew to ignore him and move to the next name.

“Gupp?”

Nobody answered.

Berp looked up. “Is Gupp here?”

“Gupp got eaten by the giant cave weasel last week,” Droog said.

“Oh, darn, well, I’ll cross his name off the list.”

“You don’t have a list,” Droog retorted.

“Yeah, I do, see?” He gestured to the flat rock.

“There’s nothing on that rock,” Droog pointed out.

Berp shot him a glare, “When I say ‘list,’ I mean figuratively.” He waited to see if there were more objections, and when there weren’t he ‘ahemed’ and continued, “Lunk?”

Nobody answered.

“Lunk? Where’s Lunk?”

A group shrug.

“Is Bump here?”

Shrug.

“Dork?”

Another shrug.

“Tork?”

Shrug.

“Yub?”

Shrug.

“Bif?”

“Here,” a hairy caveman raised his arm, disturbing a large stench that had taken up residence in that warm area.

“Argh!” everyone downwind cried.

“Oh, sorry about that.” Bif lowered his arm. Fortunately, a small salty sea breeze picked that moment to gust the stink away to go find another armpit to take refuge in.

Bonk held his nose. “I move that we come up with a new way to raise our hands without lifting our arms.”

“At least until antiperspirant is invented,” Droog added.

“Hardy, hair, hair,” Berp said.

“Don’t you mean, ‘Hardy, har, har?’” Bonk asked.

Berp gave him a look. The little caveman was shaped like a penguin, with narrow shoulders, wide hips and a long nose. “No, I mean ‘Hardy, hair, hair.’”

“I dunno,” Bonk said. “Hardy, har, har sounds way better.”

Berp scowled, “Look, I’m one of the first humans ever, and since I’m making up the saying for the first time, I can’t be wrong. Even better, everyone from now on will credit the saying to me.”

He sniffed. “So make up your own sayings.”

The cavemen watched in bemusement.

Berp’s scrawny chest was heaving with passion ... no, probably not passion since he was a guy, but definitely something.

He looked down his long nose at Bonk. “You got it?”

“Yup,” Bonk said affably, distracted by a small crab that attempted to scuttle by. He picked up and inspected the little creature, watching the legs scabble in the air. Then Bonk stuffed the crab into a small black bag with white spots. He had gotten the bag when a small skunk – not the prankster skunk - had wandered into their cave one evening. The skunk had been as surprised as they were, and reacted with its typical defense technique. Unfortunately for the skunk, the smell-bomb had smacked into Bonk’s family, absorbed the foul stench of the small family of non-bathers and bounced back, stunning the skunk into unconsciousness. Before it could gather its wits, Hedz had clubbed it. Then she had made a bag from the pelt.

Heedless of this story, Berp continued his role call, “Okay, let’s see. Deth?”

“Here.”

Tacks.”

“Here,” another caveman answered.

“You can always count on Deth and Tacks,” Droog snickered in an aside to Bonk.

“Did I miss anyone?” Berp asked.

“Yeah, you missed me.”

Berp looked up. “Oh, Steve, yeah, sorry about that.” Steve was white and mostly hairless, a reject from another tribe that was surely doomed to extinction. They had taken him in and pretty much ignored him ever since. Berp pretended to make a note on his note rock and turned around to Area Wug. “Well, not everyone’s here, but we have enough for a quorum.”

“I don’t care about a quorum,” Wug said. “As long as we have enough for a band.”

“Um, well, I don’t know how many people it takes to make a band, but I think we’re okay,” Berp replied.

Area Wug rubbed his hands together, “Okay, here’s what we do. First, we need instruments. Anyone bring any?”

“We have rocks,” Droog said.

“Rocks?” Wug said with disappointment in his voice. “Anything else?”

Nothing.

“Okay, rocks it is,” Wug replied. “We’ll be a rock band.”

“If we used mammoth bones would we be a bone band?” Deth wondered.

“Or how about leaves? Or would we have to leave?” Tacks asked.

Area Wug shook his head. “No, we’ll use rocks. Mostly because that’s all that’s on the bar right now.”

“I think we’re going to look cool, what with our long hair and stuff,” Deth gushed.

Everyone looked at him.

He shrugged, “What? We have long hair. Isn’t it awesome?”

“The alternative being?” Bonk asked.

“Um, short,” Deth said.

“You dork. We can’t make our hair short,” Wug sneered.

“No, he’s not Dork,” Berp said, after a quick glance at his list. “Dork didn’t make it today.”

“That’s not what I…” Wug started.

“I call dibs on being the drummer,” Tacks announced.

“I think we all have to be drummers,” Deth said. “It’s not like we have guitars, pianos or anything.”

Everyone gave him blank looks.

Then Wug said, “Okay, everyone grab rocks.”

Some of the cavemen picked up handfuls of small rocks, others had a rock in each hand, and a few grabbed the biggest rocks they could find.

“Now what?” Tacks asked, shakily holding a boulder over his head.

“We make music,” Wug said.

“Duh,” Berp added.

They all stood, waiting for the music to happen.

“I think we have to do something,” Bonk finally said.

“Okay, how about this?” Droog smacked two rocks together.

The flat sound was quickly swallowed up by the low waves lapping against the rock.

“Kind of weak,” Wug said.

“Let me try this,” Tacks said. He slammed his boulder onto the rocks, spraying shards of splintered rock. The cavemen howled as they were pelted by sharp pellets of stone.

“Music hurts!” Steve yelled.

Wug crawled behind the boulder he’d hidden behind. “Well, I think it’s clear music is entirely too painful. I doubt it if will ever catch on.”

“Bummer,” Deth said, tossing his rocks into the waves.

Bonk dropped his rock, too. “Well guys, it’s been a slice, but I was supposed to be hunting.”

“Yeah, me, too,” Droog said.

The cavemen started climbing over the rocks.

“Hey, I didn’t adjourn the meeting,” Wug cried to their backs.

“Meeting adjourned,” Droog threw over his shoulder.

“Fine,” Wug called out. “The top item on the next agenda is God. Don’t be late.”

As Bonk and Droog walked away, Droog whispered out of the corner of his mouth, “What is God?”

Bonk just shrugged.